THE

LADY's

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

DECEMBER, 1807.

MADAME BUONAPARTE.

There's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is this woman's part: be it lying, note it,
This woman's: flattering, her's: deceiving, her's:
Lust and rank thoughts, her's: her's revenges: her's
Ambitions; covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice-longing, slanders, mutability:
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
Why her's, in part, or all: but rather all. For ev'n to vice
She is not constant, but is changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. SHAKSPEARE.

THE biographer, when engaged in exposing vice to merited abhorrence, performs a task not less useful, though far less pleasant, than when he employs his pen in the due commendation of virtue. The detestation which arises in the breast from the contemplation of villainy, is a kind of guarantee that we will not practise it. In holding up, therefore, to public scorn enormities which deserve general execration, the biographer, by enumerating crimes which the conscience of every one tells them are to be shunned, tacitly indicates that the contrary virtues are to be followed; and though he offers to the eye only a picture of horror and disgust, the imagination of the spectators inwardly contrasts it with a directly opposite delineation of beauty and complacency.

Vice is in itself so odious, that no external trappings, no specious disguises can conceal its deformity, or render it alluring when viewed by the calm and considerate eye, without prejudice and without passion; particularly when enlightened by the radiance of reason and religion. Success cannot change its nature, nor make what is intrinsically criminal be considered as worthy of commendation.—Though apostate bishops may hold up the subject of the present sketch as *the model of her sex, of manners as simple as her morals are pure*, this specious colouring cannot hide from the disgusted eye *the haggard adulteress*; nor can the cant of revolutionary cardinals, or adulatory sycophants, blaspheming their Creator while they term her Imperial Spouse *his Providence*, convert the CORSICAN ASSASSIN into the man of virtue.

In the following account of this mock Empress, we must acknowledge our obligations to the loyal and intelligent author of the "Revolutionary Plutarch," who has compiled from the most authentic sources, and from anecdotes of secret history, very difficult to be procured in this country, a most interesting work, in which the characters of the heroes and heroines, who have strutted on the stage of republican, consular, and imperial France, are exhibited in their true colours; and the destructive principles and dreadful horrors of the French revolution are exposed to merited execration.

Josephine la Pagerie, however much she may resemble her *amiable* consort in the qualities of the mind, possesses one advantage over him, that of birth. *Her* father and grandfather are at least known. She is the daughter of noble though reduced parents, who removed to the West Indies in hopes of making their fortune, of which they had no prospect in their own country. She was born at Martinique in 1755, and sent over to France to be educated. At the age of twenty-two she married Viscount Alexandre Beauharnois, who had nothing to recommend him but his title and his military uniform, while he overlooked the disparity of years between himself and his wife in consideration of her fortune. A match of this nature could not be expected to be attended by happiness. Their chief associates were the most immoral citizens and the principal

conspirators against both the throne and the altar, and consequently against the happiness of France in general; who, by their atheistical, disaffected, and seditious conversations and writings, prepared the subversion of the monarchical government, and the wretchedness of France and Europe. Among these, vice walked barefaced, and the sacred ties of matrimony were disregarded. Mons. and Madame Beauharnois burning with desire to become notorious, strove with criminal emulation to obtain an infamous applause, to be fashionable in the immoral French capital, and to gain renown by making the public acquainted with their reciprocal intrigues, their mutual infidelities, and their equal refinements in vice and debauchery. The gallants of Madame de Beauharnois were therefore as numerous as they were notorious; and her vanity was no doubt flattered, at hearing that her amours were the common topic of conversation not only at Versailles, but at Paris, in the theatres, as well as in the coffee-houses. In March 1789, at the hotel of the Countess de F—, (the *bonne amie* of Talleyrand) Madame de Beauharnois said, in the large circle of ladies and gentlemen assembled there, and in the presence of Mr. de Beauharnois, that, *of her several pregnancies, she could not reproach her husband with any, except the first, which ended in a miscarriage.* This sally was heard, commended, and envied by all the ladies present; and the next day trumpeted about Paris by the gentlemen, and laughed at or admired every where. A few days afterwards, when Madame de Beauharnois appeared in her box at the opera, she was saluted with the repeated applauses of the *good* and *virtuous* Parisians, who then were preparing the moral regeneration of France, of Europe, and of the world.

Beauharnois, after having sided with each factious demagogue of the French revolution as long as he was popular, met the reward of his villainy from the guillotine in July, 1794. His wife was then in prison, but her habits of intrigue and vicious inclinations rescued her from impending danger. The regicide butcher, Legendre, *kindly protected* her for some time in his house, till Barras envied him the possession of this *model of her sex*, and *protected* her in his turn; till at length, cloyed and disgusted, he transferred her

to his accomplice in villainy, Napoleone Buonaparte, who received her as the price of his promotion.

So completely depraved was this woman, and enslaved to lust, that when Buonaparte set out on his Egyptian expedition, letters from his mother overtook him at Malta, informing him that his wife, *the very day* that she received information of his departure from Toulon, had left Paris for Grosbois (the country-seat of Barras), and settled herself with her former protector.

A contest had long existed between Madame Tallien and Madame Buonaparte for precedence in fashion and infamy; but when Buonaparte, having basely skulked from his army in Egypt, procured himself to be elected First Consul, and the disgraceful truces of Luneville and Amiens had recognized his usurpation, this contest was to continue no longer. The adultress, who had been quoited from one paramour to another, according as inclination or disgust bore sway, being now lawful wife to the First Consul, was turned into *an honest woman*, and became on a sudden a model of purity. Madame Tallien, therefore, received orders, through the prefect of the palace, the infamous *bully* of kings, Duroc, not to appear any more at the castle of the Thuilleries, the pure Madame Buonaparte not being able to endure the presence of a woman who had two children during her husband's absence. When Duroc delivered his message, Madame Tallien said, "Tell *your mistress*, that if all Paris knows that I had two children during Tallien's absence in Egypt for near four years, her miscarriage during General Buonaparte's absence of only sixteen months has been admired by all Paris as the last efforts of nature in an old woman."

The extravagance of this wretched woman is equalled only by her wickedness. According to a respectable French periodical work, called *Les Nouvelles à la Main*, she never puts on any plain gown twice, and she changes her dress four or six times every day. In the summer, she makes use of four dozen of silk stockings, and three dozen of gloves and shoes; and in the winter, three dozen of the best *English* cotton stockings, and two dozen of *French* silk stockings, *every week*. She never wears any washed stockings, nor puts on twice the same pair of gloves or

shoes. All her *chemises* are of the finest cambric, with borders of lace that cost ten Louis-d'ors each. Six dozen of chemises with lace are made up for her every month. Every three months she exchanges her diamonds and jewels, or has them newly set, according to the prevalent fashion. Four times in the year her plate, china, furniture, tapestry, hangings, carpets, &c. are changed according to the seasons. She has ordered, as her regular establishment, two new carriages and twelve different horses every month; and of the thirty-six horses in her *private* stable, her master of the horse has a power to dispose of twelve every three decades, to be replaced by twelve others of a fashionable colour. Twelve times in the year, all persons belonging to her household receive new accoutrements, or liveries. Her own wardrobe is divided every thirty days between her maids of honour.

Madame Napoleone has four distinct established wardrobes, different diamonds, &c. for travelling, for the Thuilleries, for St. Cloud, and for Malmaison; and though she can reside but in one place at the same time, yet in the Thuilleries, as well as at St. Cloud and Malmaison, four changes of furniture, &c. are always ordered for the same period. At St. Cloud, she has (at the expence of six thousand Louis-d'ors) improved the bathing cabinet of the late unfortunate queen. By touching certain springs, she can command what perfumes her caprice demands to mix with the water; the reservoirs always containing, for fifty Louis-d'ors, the finest odours, and best perfumed waters. By touching other springs, she commands the appearance of drawings or pictures, elegant or voluptuous, gay or libertine, as her fancy desires. When she wishes to leave the bath, at the signal of a bell, she is, by a mechanical invention, lifted, without moving herself from the bathing machine, into an elegant moderately warm and perfumed bed, where she is dried in two minutes; and from which she is again lifted and laid down upon a splendid elastic sofa, moved, without her stirring, by another piece of mechanism, into an adjoining cabinet for her toilet, of which the furniture and decorations cost 100,000 livres. For the improvements only of her luxurious, though less expensive bathing

cabinets, at the Thuilleries and at Malmaison, the French republic has paid 200,000 livres.

As no happiness is perfect in this world, Madame Napoleone, though equally adored by her husband and by the French republic, has numerous and serious family misfortunes to complain of. Her mother-in-law calumniates her *innocent* motives for not going regularly to confession; and her brother-in-law, Lucien, calls her a hypocrite when she talks of confessing. Her sister-in-law, the Grand Duchess of Berg, is a dangerous rival in extravagance and in the fashions of the day; and another sister-in-law, the Princess Borghese, *cidevant* Madame Le Clerc, is an intolerable mimic of her juvenile airs, gait, and dress, contrasted with her antique wrinkles, plump person, and worn-out voice. Sometimes, in his moments of frenzy, when he doubts of being soon proclaimed the English Emperor, even her Napoleone himself does not use her in the most tender manner. But instead of imitating her mother-in-law, who in her troubles calls her confessor and conjurors to her assistance, Madame Napoleone sends for her cup-bearer, vulgarly called butler, to strengthen her nerves and invigorate her courage with his all-powerful cordials, with his delicious wines, and with his no less delicious liqueurs: and while one Madame Buonaparte in her calamities looks up for relief to heaven, the other, more timid, more modest, with her downcast regards, seeks for, and implores the consolation of her cellar and of her buffet.

Such is this woman who, having given loose to her vile passions, deserves to be exhibited both as a shame to herself, and as a warning to others whom future revolutions may tempt to future imitation and degradation*.

OLD WOMAN.

NO. CXI.

CREATURE OF THE DUST!

PERHAPS you may be astonished at being addressed by an invisible intelligence; but as your object and mine is

* See Revolutionary Plutarch, vol. ii. p. 340, &c.

often the same, to watch over innocence, and expose guilt, I trust you will consider me as one of those spirits who take an interest in your welfare, and wish to give force to your suggestions for the benefit of the female sex.

It is my happy lot to be the unknown guardian of a most amiable young lady, who spent this summer at a public place of some celebrity; and as the purity of her heart, and the propriety of her conduct left me much leisure, I employed the chief part of my time in observing the views and characters of persons who frequented the grand resort of folly and dissipation to which I allude. Receive the following sketches as a mark of my favour, and publish them as the contributions of a SYLPH.

Mrs. Ann Lorimer, being left a widow at the age of thirty, with a genteel independence, on condition that she did not again enter the matrimonial state, no sooner buried her good man, than she set her wits to work, how she might most effectually disappoint the selfish and unreasonable *will* of her *dear* departed husband, without losing any of the advantages which he had entailed on her obedience.

As she found it impossible to effectuate her object in the neighbourhood where she was known, she pretended that grief had impaired her health; and as a public place is the most speedy cure for vapours and longings, she set out for ————, where I was attending my lovely charge. Her widow's weeds, her natural charms, which were still unimpaired, as she had been only a wife, but never a mother; her reputed fortune, and the vivacity of her manner, soon drew round her a train of admirers, who tried to insinuate themselves into her good graces, and who were received with a sufficient share of affability to encourage them to persevere. For a time, the restraints under which she was laid were unknown; but some of the experienced fortune hunters having procured copies of her husband's will, her admirers in general fell off, and she was left to an Irish officer on half pay, who had more *brass* than *gold*, and a country curate, who thought, with a little casuistry, he might enjoy her fortune as well as her person. For some time she balanced between them, for each was her suitor; but when she came to open her situation to the man of war, he shrugged up his shoulders, and declared upon his honour, that he would

gladly share her fortune with or without marriage, and left it to her own choice. The parson, more conscientious, as became him, confessed his narrow means, but added, that as he could not support himself, and knew what it was to be distressed, he could not involve her in difficulties, unless duty and honour could be united, and both have a reasonable prospect of comfort and independence. She liked his principles, but she wished to secure a husband. The son of Mars, pressed her to consent to a private marriage: the clergyman wrote an eloquent letter to the person who would have been benefitted by the widow's violation of her husband's will. He was a man in confined circumstances; a thought struck him that his prospects would be distant, if Mrs. Lorimer remained single, and he knew that *private* arrangements might take place, which would prevent him from proving any departure from the testator's intention. He therefore waited on the clergyman, and having sounded him, next opened himself to the widow. A bargain was struck between them; and the reversionary legatee being allowed half the annual allowance, signed a deed by which the widow was to enjoy the other half, without molestation. A marriage was to have taken place on those conditions; but the evening before he was to have been made a happy man, impatient to offer his vows at the feet of his intended bride, and thinking ceremony no longer necessary, he rushed abruptly into her apartments; and, her Sylph being absent, found her on rather too familiar terms with his rival, who, securing the advantages he had gained, carried her off the same night. She is wretched, and she deserves to be so!

Squaretoes, a miser and an old batchelor of sixty, finding himself bilious and hypochondriac, was advised by his apothecary, who was tired of a patient that grudged the expence of medicine, to visit the same place, and to try the effects of water, air, and company.

Squaretoes took a pitiful lodging, because it was cheap; was attended by one domestic as miserable as himself; sent to a cook's shop for his dinner; and as water was to do him good, he drank it morning, noon, and night, because it cost him nothing.

In consequence of this regimen, he became seriously ill; and being known to be a man of considerable property, he

was visited by such as had been able to scrape an acquaintance with him out of policy, by others out of humanity. In the same house lodged a poor invalid father, attended by an only daughter, who was beautiful as the morning, and innocent as a lamb. Between Squaretoes and this small family, a kind of familiar intercourse took place. The father, as a sufferer himself, was inclined to shew attention to every person in the same situation; and Amelia, for that was the daughter's name, from habit as well as innate goodness of heart, sympathized with their fellow lodger, and occasionally, with her father, spent an hour in his room.

The dread of dying in a strange place, and the earnest recommendation of his friends, induced Squaretoes to send for a resident apothecary. The son of Esculapius, with a long face and many grimaces, made himself acquainted with his patient's case; advised him to live well, to drink no water, and to frequent balls and plays, even if he could not at first enjoy such diversion; and so effectually worked on his hopes and his fears, that Squaretoes, for the first time in his life, opened his purse-strings without reluctance, and dressing himself a little in the fashion, was attended by Amelia and her father to every place of public resort. His health began to improve; but a feeling agitated his bosom, which had hitherto been unknown. He could not tell why, but he was never happy except in the company of Amelia. He found she was virtuous, discreet, and affectionate; and that she had no fortune, and he resolved, after many struggles, to tell her father that he should be happy to have it in his power to serve her. "I am too old myself to make Amelia an offer of my hand; but if she has any attachment which you can approve, I will place myself in the situation of a second father, and give her a dowry." "She has done nothing," replied the old man, "to merit this kindness from a stranger; and though we are poor, we are independant. I do not believe she has a particular affection for any person living; if she had, she would not conceal it from me."

"Do you think," said Squaretoes, "she could be happy with an old father like me?" "That I do not know; but as I think you a good kind of a man, though you have

contracted some peculiarities, I give you leave to try." To make short, Amelia consented in due time to be the wife of Squaretoes; he became quite a changed man, and will make the best of husbands to a woman whom he idolizes, and who is sensible of his worth, though she never felt, nor will feel, a sentiment of love towards him. But she will conduct herself with prudence, she will study his inclinations, she will esteem and revere him; and therefore till their connexion is dissolved by the hand of death, neither will repent of the choice they have made.

"What, a match without love!" a novel-reading Miss will exclaim. "The Sylph is more ridiculous than the old woman herself." "Patience! young lady; love is a less necessary expedient in the matrimonial union, than you are apt to imagine. Prudence, friendship, respect, will go farther to secure and perpetuate happiness, than flames, darts, Cupids, and all the artillery of love." Few, on both sides, are wedded to the real objects of their choice. I have known mutual vows of eternal attachment broken in a fortnight; and I have, on the contrary, found that what the world calls unequal matches, have frequently been productive of felicity. The general rules can apply to all situations; but my superior knowledge, and the faculty I possess of seeing without disguise, enables me to declare, that the prudent will seldom miss their reward.

[*To be continued.*]

COUNT GLEICHEN.

WHEN a holy zeal to drive the infidels from the Holy Land had seized all Europe, and the pious knights, bearing the badge of the cross, repaired in crowds to the east; Count Gleichen also left his native land, and with his friends and countrymen went to *Asia*. I shall not describe his great and heroic achievements. I shall content myself with saying, that the bravest knights of Christendom admired his prowess; but it pleased heaven to try the hero's faith. Count Gleichen was made prisoner by the infidels, and became the slave to a Muhamedan of distinction, who entrusted his gardens to Gleichen's care. The unfortunate

count was now employed in watering violets and blue-bells, lilies and roses. The hero long endured the horrors of captivity; but all his sighs and vows would have been ineffectual, if a fair Saracen, his master's lovely daughter, had not begun to regard him with looks of the tenderest affection. Often, concealed beneath the veil of night, did she listen to his melancholy songs,—often did she see him weep whilst praying, and her beauteous eyes were likewise suffused in tears. A modest shame, the peculiar virtue of a youthful female heart, long prevented her from declaring her passion, or from intimating in any manner to the slave, how deeply she sympathized in his sorrows. At length the spark kindled into a flame, shame was silenced, and love could be no longer concealed in her heart, but poured in fiery torrents from her mouth, into the soul of the astonished count. Her angelic innocence, her blooming beauty, and the idea, that by her means he might perhaps be able to obtain his liberty; all this made such a powerful impression on his mind, that he forgot his wife. He swore eternal love to the beauteous Saracen, on condition that she would agree to leave father and native land, and fly with him to *Europe*. Ah! she had already forgotten her father and her country—the count was her all. She hastens away, brings a key, opens a private door leading to the fields, and flies away with her beloved. The silence of night, which covered them with her sable mantle, favours their flight. They arrive safely in the country of the count. His vassals joyfully greet their lord and father, whom they had given up for lost, and with looks of curiosity behold his companion, whose face is concealed beneath a veil. On their arrival at the castle, the countess rushes into his embraces. 'That you, my dear wife, see me again," said he, "you have to thank her," (pointing to his deliverer;) "she has, for my sake, left her father and her native land." The count covers his streaming eyes with his hands. The beauteous Saracen drops her veil; and, throwing herself at the feet of the countess, exclaims, "I am thy vassal!" "Thou art my sister," replied the countess, raising and embracing her. "My husband shall be thine also; we will share his heart." The count, astonished at the magnanimity of his wife, presses her to his heart; all these are united in one em-

brace, and they swear to love each other till death. Heaven blessed this threefold union, and the pope himself confirmed it. The count's habitation was the abode of peace and happiness, and he, with his two faithful wives, were, after their death, laid in one grave, in the church of the Benedictine convent. A large stone covers it, on which the chissel of sensibility has represented them. When beholding this stone, I blessed their memory.

MADAME LIEBAUD DU FIEF.

THIS lady, who is not less distinguished for the amiable accomplishments of her sex, than for a manly and heroic mind, is the wife of a French emigrant officer, now resident in the vicinity of London. She essentially contributed to the formation of that gallant band of royalists, who so long and so bravely defended the altar and the throne, by resisting the utmost efforts of the regicidal usurpers in La Vendée; she was engaged in all the active service of the campaign, sometimes fighting by the side of her husband, and, at others, heading a separate detachment, which she frequently led to victory. In various rencontres she signalized her valour in an extraordiurry manner, and avenged, on the head of more than one republican, the murder of her sovereign. Louis the Eighteenth had frequently expressed his admiration of her conduct, and his gratitude for her services; and, at the beginning of the present year, he sent her the following letter, which reflects equal honour on the prince who wrote it, and on the lady to whom it was addressed.

" *Blackenbourg, Jan.* 23, 1798.

" I am not uninformed, Madam, of the various services which you have rendered to the cause of the altar and the throne. I know that, not content with having formed, at your own expence, the first military establishments in the illustrious and unfortunate country of La Vendée, you are resolved to share the glory and the dangers of her heroes; and that the fields of Granville, Pontorson, Mans, and the Bridge of Cé, have been the witnesses of your valour.

"In recalling to your mind events so glorious for yourself, I am less anxious to convince you that I am informed of them, (a circumstance which, I hope, you do not doubt,) than to satisfy my gratitude, by mentioning them to you. I regret, that the rules of the order of Saint Louis do not permit me to give you its cross, which is the reward of valour; but I venture to offer you my picture in its stead; and, by wearing it suspended from a ribband of the same colour as that of the order, which I wish it were in my power to confer on you, it will, at least, prove the nature of your services, and the sense which I entertain of them.

"Receive, I intreat you, Madam, with as much satisfaction as I feel in offering it to you, this trifling proof of the sentiments with which you have inspired me.

(Signed) "LOUIS."

"A Madame Liebaud du Fief."

EGYPTIAN RAISED PIE.

THE following curious specimen of the ancient Egyptians' art of cookery, will, no doubt, be acceptable to many of our readers. It is extracted from Abdollatiph's History of Egypt, and is well worthy of a place in the next edition of Hannah Glasse.

"Take 30 pounds of flour, and knead it into dough with 5½ pounds of the oil of sesamum. Divide the dough into two equal parts. With one of these, extended in the manner of a cake, you line the inside of a brazen vessel, called *Sinia*, made for the purpose, the diameter of which is about four spans, and which is provided with two strong handles. On the cake, or crust, are then placed three roasted lambs, well stuffed with minced meat, which has been fried with oil of sesamum, bruised pistache nuts, and warm odoriferous ingredients, as pepper, ginger, mastic, coriander, cumin, &c. It is then to be sprinkled with rose-water mixed with musk. Then upon the lambs, and in the spaces between them, are placed 20 fowls, 20 chickens, and 50 young birds (of different kinds); of which some have been roasted full of eggs, some full of minced meat, and others

fried in the juice of unripe grapes, of the citron, or something of the same kind. The mass is completed with little pies and tarts, of which some are composed of meat, some of sugar, and other sweet things. It would not be amiss if you should choose to add to it another roasted lamb, divided into fragments, and also toasted cheese. When all these ingredients are placed on one another, and form, as it were, a tower, they are to be sprinkled with rose-water, mixed with musk, and a galloche. They are then to be covered with the other half of the dough, spread out into a crust, which must be properly joined to the under crust, so that nothing may fall out. Your pye is then placed at the mouth of the oven, till it begin to harden; after which you move, by means of its handles, slowly and by degrees, the vessel called sinia entirely into the oven. There it remains till the crust is baked, and becomes of the red colour of a rose. It is then taken out, wiped with a sponge, sprinkled with rose water and musk, carried off, and served up for use.

"It is very fit to accompany kings and princes to distant hunting stations, or remote country seats. For," adds Abdollatiph, "it is a kind of whole, consisting of various distinct parts, easily transported, difficult to be shaken into pieces, agreeable to look at, grateful to the taste, and preserving its heat for a very long time."

Dreadful effects of Jealousy in an Iroquois.

A HUSBAND, not pleased with the conduct of his wife, but dissembling his resentment, carried her with him at the usual time of hunting. The year was favourable, the game abundant, and the husband a good hunter; yet he pretended that nothing was to be got, and alledged, as an excuse, that he was under the power of fascination. The hunting season drew to a close, the provisions were expended, and the wife suffered much from hunger. The husband, having harrassed her in this manner for a long time, at last pretended that he had a dream; that he was to attack the hut of his wife during the night as an enemy, to make her a prisoner, and to treat her as a slave. The wife, who

fancied that she should be able to elude the effects of this dream, as is often the case, agreed that her husband should realise it. This he did not fail to do the following night. He attacked the hut, made a slave of his wife, and condemned her to be burned. He tied her to a post, and made a great fire. The wretched wife considered all this merely as a joke; but she was deceived. With the husband the matter was but too serious. He reproached her with her infidelities, either true or pretended, and roasted her at a slow fire with the most unfeeling cruelty. The brother of this woman, who had for her the strongest attachment, had set out to bring her provisions, lest she should suffer from want. He arrived at the place during the time of t is cruel execution, and was a distant spectator of the dreadful spectacle. The hut was open, and he heard the dreadful shrieks of his sister. Having recoguized the husband, and his sister, without being perceived, he did not long hesitate; he pointed his gun, and killed the husband. He then untied his sister, and learned from her the suspicions of the jealous husband, and the cause of his dreadful vengeance. The recovery of this poor woman was hopeless—the compassionate brother, pitying her sufferings, stabbed her with her own consent: and after having paid the last duties to the body, according to established customs, he returned to the village, and related the melancholy tale.

These examples of violent jealousy and vengeance, much seldomer occur among the Iroquois, than among the nations bordering on Louisiana: there the husbands, after offering every species of insult to their unfaithful wives, bite off their nose and ears, and no person is surprised, or finds fault with the brutal action. The Brasilians put them to death without scruple, and go and tell their father, "I have killed your daughter because she was unfaithful.' The father answers, with much coolness, 'you have done well, since she deserved it."

ANECDOTES.

IN the year 1760, the following incident occurred near Hammersmith:—Whilst a man of the name of Richardson, a waterman of that place, was sleeping in his boat, the vessel broke from her moorings, and was carried by the tide, under a West-country barge. Fortunately for the man, his dog happened to be with him, and the sagacious animal awaked him by pawing his face, and pulling the collar of his coat, at the instant the boat was filling with water: he seized the opportunity, and thus saved himself from otherwise inevitable death.

Mr. C. Hughes, a son of Thespis, had a wig which generally hung on a peg in one of his rooms. He one day lent the wig to a brother player, and sometime after called on him. Mr. Hughes had his dog with him, and the man happened to have the borrowed wig on his head. Mr. Hughes stayed a little while with his friend, but, when he left him, the dog remained behind: for some time he stood, looking full in the man's face, then making a sudden spring, leaped on his shoulders, seized the wig, and ran off with it as fast as he could; and, when he reached home, he endeavoured by jumping, to hang it up in its usual place.

The same dog was one afternoon passing through a field in the skirts of Dartmouth, where a washer-woman had hung out her linen to dry: he stopped and surveyed one particular shirt with attention, then seizing it, he dragged it away through the dirt to his master, whose shirt it proved to be.

During a severe storm, in the winter of 1789, a ship, belonging to Newcastle, was lost near Yarmouth; and a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to shore, bringing in his mouth the captain's pocket-book. He landed amidst a number of people, several of whom in vain attempted to take it from him. The sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of the charge, which, in all probability, was delivered to him by his perishing master, at length leapt fawningly against the breast of a man, who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered the book to him. The dog immediately returned to the place where he had landed, and watched, with great attention, for all the things that came from the wrecked vessel, seizing them, and endeavouring to bring them to land.

LE MELANGE.

NO. XVI.

IT is a fiction of the poets concerning Phaeton, that notwithstanding he was mounted up into heaven, yet even there he wept, that none would give him the rule and government of those horses that drew the chariot of the Sun his father. There is nothing more in it than this, to let us know that the heart of man widens according to the measure we endeavour to fill it; and that very rarely there is a fortune so considerable in the world, but is attended with some defect or other, as makes us either wish beyond it, or to be sick and weary of it.

Abner, an eastern king, as soon as his son was born, gave orders for his confinement to a stately and spacious castle, where he should be delicately brought up, and carefully kept from having any knowledge of human calamities. He gave special command that no distressed person should be admitted into his presence; nothing sad, nothing lamentable, nothing unfortunate, no poor man, no old man, none weeping or disconsolate was to come near his palace. Youthfulness, pleasures, and joy were always in his presence: nothing else was to be seen, nothing else was to be discoursed of in his company. But, alas! in process of time, the prince became sad in the very midst of his joys; being incumbered with pleasure he requested his father to loose the bonds of his miserable felicity: this request of the son crossed the intentions of the father, who was forced to give over his device to keep him from sadness, lest by continuing it, he should make him sad. He gave him his liberty, but charged his attendants to remove out of his way all objects of sorrow; the blind, the maimed, the deformed, and the old, must not come near him. But what diligence is sufficient to conceal the miseries of mortality! The prince, in his recreations, met with an old man, blind and leprous; the sight astonished him, he starts, trembles, and faints, like those that swoon at the apparition of a spirit; and enquires of his followers what that was? and being inwardly persuaded that it was some condition of human life, he disliked pleasures, condemned mirth,

and despised life: he rejected his kingdom and royal dignity, and bade adieu to all the blandishments of fortune at once.

Question and Answer.

PRAY what is lighter than a feather?
Dust, my friend, in dryest weather;
What's lighter than the dust, I pray?
The wind, that wafts it far away;
Pray what is lighter than the wind?
The lightness of a woman's mind;
And what is lighter than the last?
Nay! now, my friend, you have me fast.

DURING the late siege of Gibraltar, in the absence of the fleet, and when an attack was daily expected, one dark night, a sentry, whose post was near a tower facing the Spanish lines, was standing at the end of his walk, whistling; looking towards them, his head filled with nothing but *fire* and *sword, miners, breaches, storming,* and *bloodshed!* By the side of his box stood a deep narrow-necked earthen jug, in which was the remainder of his supper, consisting of boiled pease. A large monkey (of which there are plenty at the top of the rock) encouraged by the man's absence, and allured by the smell of the pease, ventured to the jug; and, in endeavouring to get at its contents, thrust his neck so far into the jug, as to be unable to withdraw it. At this instant, the soldier approaching, the monkey started up to escape, with the jug on his head. This terrible monster no sooner saluted the eyes of the sentry, than his frantic imagination converted poor pug into a fine blood-thirsty Spanish grenadier, with a most tremendous cap on his head. Full of this dreadful idea, he instantly fired his piece, roaring out that the enemy had scaled the walls. The guards took the alarm; the drums were beat; signal-guns fired; and, in less than ten minutes, the governor and his whole garrison were under arms.—The supposed grenadier, being very much incommoded by his cap, and almost blinded by the pease, was soon overtaken and seized; and, by his capture, the tranquillity of the garrison was soon restored, without that slaughter and bloodshed which every man had prognosticated in the beginning of this direful alarm.

A Letter supposed to be written by the Moorish Secretary in London to his correspondent at Fez.

In my last I gave you some account of our reception here, of the houses, philosophy, and strange customs of this very strange people. I shall confine my present letter to their religion. The English profess their belief only in one Supreme Being, and pretend to pay their adoration to him alone; but this is nothing but pretence: for besides some living divinities, to whom they pay homage, there are a number of inanimate beings to which every night they devoutly sacrifice; and this I have from ocular proof in one of their assemblies where the celebration of a ceremony, called Lansquenet, was to be performed, and where I casually happened to enter. The first object that struck me, was a square altar covered with green velvet, lighted by tapers in the middle, and surrounded by several persons, who are seated in the same manner as the negroes, our neighbours, when they sacrifice to the moon. Upon my entering this assembly, one of the members, who was apparently the sacrificing priest, flung down on the altar several leaves of a little book which he held in his hand, one leaf after the other. On each of these leaves were represented several figures, very ill painted, but which could be no other than the images of their divinities; and of this I was soon convinced; for as he distributed these pictures about, each of the assistants laid on an offering according to the warmth of his devotion. I could easily observe, that these offerings were much greater than those given in their temples appointed for universal worship.

After this part of the ceremony, the High Priest holds the rest of the little book in his right hand, which seems to tremble, and remains some time as if struck with religious horror. All the assistants, attentive to what he is going to perform, seem suspended and motionless also, like him. Soon, however, he begins to turn the leaves, while the assistants seem to suffer alternately the most violent agitation in proportion as the spirit seems to have power over them. One displays his triumph with a roar of rapture; one fixes his eye upon the image before him, and gnashes his teeth with rage and indignation; a third sits in gloomy

silence, with all the passions by turns taking possession of his face. In short, they all seem so frightfully distorted, and suffer such changes of countenance, that they no longer appear to be human creatures. But no sooner has the High Priest turned a certain leaf of the little book, than he himself becomes furious, tears the book, and sometimes eats it for vexation, overturns the altar, and curses the sacrifice. Nothing is heard but complaints, groans, and imprecations. Upon seeing them so transported and so furious, I cannot forbear being of opinion, that the Divinity they profess to adore is a jealous divinity, who, to punish them for sacrificing to another, gives them up each to a desperate Dæmon, to be tormented and disposed of at pleasure. I am, &c.

A true Anecdote.

At a fam'd Flemish inn, where, believe me, 'tis true,
There's the sign of the Goose, and a golden one too;
Lady C—v—n, (who now is her highness serene,
And whose spirit in spending may cope with the queen);
Supp'd and slept on her tour thro' the Flanderkin towns,
For which her good host charg'd a hundred good crowns;
Tho' her own, her two lacqueys, and Abigail's fare,
Nor in solids nor fluids were costly or rare;
And as impudence strove imposition to grace,
The landlord with phiz, full of grin and grimace,
With cringe, and congee, at the door of her chaise,
The next morn bade adieu to my Lady Anglaise;
Hoping, when she return'd from her tour, with her train,
She would honour his house with her presence again;
When her ladyship, smilingly, answer'd the fleecer,
"Your fine golden Goose I may once again see, Sir;
But next time I venture to sup here or dine,
I must beg you will not mistake me for *your sign*."

A clever Deception.

Lay an egg in strong vinegar until it be soft; then write the name of any person to whom you wish to shew the trick, on a small slip of paper or thin card. You may then easily cut an aperture at one end of the egg with a razor or fine penknife, through which you may insert the writing. Place the egg in cold water, and it will soon be as hard as at first. With your egg thus prepared, you may write the

same name on a slip of paper, and throw it in the fire before the face of your companion, and desire him to break the egg, where he will find it.

Increase of Bees.

THE following easy method of taking the honey without destroying the bees, was communicated to the editor of the Cornwall Gazette, by a respectable French priest, who asserts that it is the mode generally adopted throughout France. In the dusk of the evening, when the bees are quietly lodged, turn the hive gently over, and having steadily placed it in a small pit, previously dug to receive it, with its bottom uppermost, cover it with a clean new hive which has been previously prepared with two small sticks stuck across its middle, and rubbed with aromatic herbs. Having carefully adjusted the mouth of each hive to the other, so that no aperture remains between them, take a small stick and beat gently round the sides of the lower hive for about ten minutes, or rather more, in which time the bees will leave their cells in the lower hive, ascend, and adhere to the upper one.

Then softly lift the new hive with all its little tenants, and place it on the stand from whence the other hive was taken. This should be done some time in the week preceding midsummer-day, that the bees may have time, before the summer flowers are faded, to lay in a new stock of honey, which they will not fail to do, for their subsistence through the winter. As many as have the humanity and good sense to adopt this practice, will find their reward in the increase of their stock, and their valuable produce.

On seeing the Lady of Sir John Day and her Cousin Miss Orchard pass through Birmingham last winter, on their way to London.

WHILE nipping frosts, with deadly bite,
Our choicest fruits consume;
Behold, to feast at least our sight,
An Orchard in full bloom:
And what is passing strange beside,
'Tis equal truth to say,
That just preceding Christmas tide,
Pops on us Lady-Day.

FALSE GALLANTRY.

TO THE EDITOR,

FALSE Gallantry, Mr. Editor, is so very serious subject to enter upon the discussion of, that believe me, when I tell you, this is the fourth time I have resumed my pen to lay before your fair readers a short, though minute account of that courtship, known by the name of (as I before observed) *false gallantry;* having previously being under the disagreeable necessity of so often relinquishing it, when my mind was wholly bent upon it. This is, indeed, carried to such an extent of *impropriety* and *even disrespect,* that at the recollection of which, where I have known so many men pay to that "angel that surpasses all beauty and accomplishment," (as they then think of her to whom they pay their addresses,) and of whom they have often repeated, "I shall not look upon her like again!" it makes me shrink within myself, when I consider the wretched state it has so frequently exposed them to.

Several instances I could recount, where I have known the *(unsuspected false)* lover has expressed his love and esteem for an unwary female, in the strongest and most unbounded sentiments that it was possible to express. And after having put himself, as well as her, to many inconveniences, "to win the fair one's heart," has forsaken her entirely, without giving the slightest reason, and indeed, when he has not been able to give one. How horrible! Oh, to think that there are those vile wretches in existence, upon an island, that, by every foreign nation, is so much esteemed for the true and laudable qualities it is thought to possess. The *idea* of behaving with such ungenerosity, ought to sting the heart of every man with the severest pangs. Suffice it to say, that no punishment, in my opinion, is too severe for those degraded wretches, who could act so dishonourably towards an *innocent female.*

I cannot quit this subject, without observing, that there are likewise many women, who, after exerting themselves to the utmost, to engage and draw upon them the attention of men, have, by being naturally fickle, and of a debased mind, after encouraging her lover's addresses, and, indeed, extending it *too far,* have, of a sudden, behaved with the utmost coolness, and have given him to understand, that her

heart was not intended for him, which certainly is unpardonable *even in the fair sex;* for truly they must have been aware, that it could not end in union.

It is often said, that a coquette may be a virtuous woman; that she only amuses herself by attracting the attention of men, and deceiving them with false hopes. I am not now speaking of that playful and thoughtless coquetry which has no object beyond drawing a little admiration; of that species of coquetry, nothing need be said, but that it is sometimes a dangerous game; but of the other kind of coquetry, my opinion is very different. Deceiving men with false hopes! —hopes of what nature!—Can be an occupation for a virtuous woman!—I think that a woman of the town is a vast deal more reprehensible.

By your permission, my fair and gentle readers, I will give you an account of what extent *gallantry* is carried to by the French, though certainly it does not belong to this epistle to explain.

French gallantry may differ in the manner from that practised in England, but it is far from having any claim to superiority. The gallantry of an Englishman is a sentiment; that of a Frenchman, a system. The first, if a lady happen to be old or plain, or indifferent to him, is apt to limit his attentions to respect and civility; now, the latter never troubles himself with these distinctions, he is repulsed by no extremity of years, nor deformity of features; he adores with equal ardour both young and old. I have seen a youthful beau, kiss with perfect devotion, a ball of cotton, dropped from the hand of a lady, who was knitting stockings for her grandchildren. Thus France is to the old, what a masquerade is to the ugly—the one confounds the disparity of age, as the other does that of person; but indiscriminate adoration is no compliment to youth, nor is a mask any privilege to beauty.

Having been able to extend my address so far, I must conclude it with a wish, that *false gallantry*, as well as many other vices that are too frequently in use, may be entirely abolished, and somewhat, more productive of happiness and honour, be adopted.

I am,

Mr. Editor, yours,

M——n. M——E.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

MR. EDITOR,

THE few leisure hours I have, I generally employ in perusing pleasing and interesting volumes of the best authors; and it is my custom to select such anecdotes, &c. as prove highly entertaining to the reader, let them be perused as often as they may; a few of which, intermixed with many of my own relation, I present the public, through the channel of your valuable Museum (if thought worthy insertion), and where I shall take the liberty of honouring myself with the title of "The Anecdotist." If the following collection prove at all interesting to your fair readers, believe me they again will be so to

Your constant reader,
And old Correspondent,
M———E.

THE ANECDOTIST.

NO. I.

RETURNING from Paris to London, I met a certain Englishman at Calais, who had been exhibiting at some towns in France and Flanders with a swarm of bees, which he pretended to have under his command. Among other manœuvres, he said he could make two swarms of these animals engage in battle with each other; an English swarm, for example, with a French one.

"Pray," said the Frenchman, "can you make which side you please victorious?"

"I could not," replied the other, gravely, "give the victory to the French, unless they were a little more than double the number of the English; because an English bee is precisely equal to two French ones."

"Do *you* really believe, Sir," said the Frenchman to me, "that there is such a difference between French and English bees?"

"Perhaps," answered I, coldly, "the bee-man may have gone too far; but I am inclined to believe, that two English bees would be a pretty good match for three French."

"Ah! monsieur," said the Frenchman, complaisantly, "cela *peut* être (that *may* be)."

An English sailor was tried for a robbery he had committed on the highway. While his doom was pronouncing, he raised a piece of rolled tobacco to his mouth, held it between his teeth till he heard the sentence of death pronounced upon him. He then bit off a piece of tobacco, and began to chew it with great unconcern; "Sirrah," said the Judge, piqued at the man's indifference, "do you know that you are to be hanged in a short time?" "So I hear," said the sailor, squirting a little tobacco juice from his mouth. "Do you know," rejoined the Judge, "where you will go when you die?" "I cannot tell, indeed, an't please your honour," said the sailor. "Why then," cried the Judge, with a tremendous voice, "I will tell you: you will go to hell, you villain, and there be burnt to all eternity." "If I should," replied the sailor, equally as loud, "I hope then, my Lord, I shall be able to bear it."

Beauty and Deformity.

It is observable that women who have no pretensions to beauty, are uncommonly accomplished and agreeable, or peevish and censorious. Those who have natural good sense, and energy of character, perceiving that their only chance of pleasing is by the cheerfulness of their temper and talents, are at pains to exert the one, and cultivate the other; and they become always more estimable, and often more esteemed, than the most beautiful women who rely on their beauty alone. But those women who, while they are devoid of beauty are also deficient in temper, and incapable of any exertion to please, are sure of being unhappy in themselves and peculiarly disagreeable to others. Beauty and deformity thus operate on the characters of women, as riches and poverty affect those of mankind; beauty and riches being apt to lull the mind into indolence, deformity and poverty to instigate it to exertion.

WHEN young men come in possession of great fortunes, before they have acquired any fixed or determined taste; when any object of pleasure is placed within the reach of the unambitious, all other pursuits are too frequently despised.

A YOUNG man in this situation is prone to excess, he seldom waits the natural returns of appetite of any kind; his sensibility is blunted by too frequent enjoyments; what is desired to-day is loathed to-morrow; every thing at a distance, which bears the name of pleasure, is an object of desire; when present, becomes an object of disgust: all amusements loose their relish. As age advances, caprice, peevishness, and tedium augment, till the curtain is dropped, or rather is pulled down by the impatient actor himself, before the natural end of the drama.

Charms of a Dictionary.

THE Duchess of B——— contributed to make reading very fashionable among the ladies of the court. One of them, whose education had been neglected in her youth, and had arrived at a very ripe age, perceiving that those ladies who were best acquainted with books, enjoyed most of her royal highness' attention, resolved to apply herself to study, as reading was so fashionable at court, in order that she might get to the top of the mode as speedily as possible. She imparted this resolution to the duchess, requesting her highness to send her a book to begin. The duchess applauded her design, and promised to send her one of the most useful books in her library; it was a French and German dictionary. Some days after, her highness enquired how she relished the book. Infinitely, replied this studious lady; it is the most delightful book I ever saw. The sentences are all short, and easily understood, and the words charmingly arranged in ranks, like soldiers on the parade; whereas, in some other books which I have seen, they are mingled together in a confused manner, like a mere mob. I am no longer surprised, added she, at the satisfaction your royal highness takes in study.

It is much in favour of him who labours under a deficiency of knowledge, to be sensible of his ignorance. As when, by the sensation of hunger, a man in a weakly state becomes sensible that his stomach is empty, it forms a favourable presumption; but when a man's stomach is empty, if he has the sensation of its being full, he is certainly a good deal out of order.

DEBATES FOR THE LADIES.

QUERY—"Whether it is justifiable for a Woman to consider herself engaged, before she has received a positive Promise of Marriage?"

MR. MEANWELL.

WHEN I look round me, and behold the dreadful consequences which usually result from the duplicity and infidelity of my own sex, I cannot but sincerely wish, that female rights were better supported and regulated, than they are at present. A man may now, with impunity, amuse himself by trifling with the feelings of an amiable and too credulous woman, whose sensibility and gratitude is ever excited by the smallest appearance of regard on our side; and, after years of pointed attentions, during which timidity and delicacy may have prevented her from demanding a proper explanation, he changes the object of his pursuit, and feels himself fully acquitted, by the satisfactory consolation, of declaring to all his acquaintance, "*upon honour*," that he never "promised to marry the foolish girl," while the unhappy object of his pretended preference is left exposed to the malicious sneers of her enemies, the torturing *pity* of her friends, and the painful conflicts of wounded pride, or disappointed affection. Is this conduct to be considered just or honourable? Certainly neither; and with this conviction, I think, I may reasonably assert, that a woman, under such circumstances, is justified in considering herself engaged to any one, who, for a certain period, pays her particular attentions, and allows himself to be received as her lover.

CAPTAIN RATTLE.

So much for the rights of women; upon my word, our friend Meanwell proves himself a warm advocate for the sex's privilege, but, unluckily for the ladies, his arguments have not sufficient force to overthrow the whole system of gallantry, and subjugate the more important rights of man.

But how, in the name of wonder, can a person of Mr. Meanwell's little experience in affairs of the heart, undertake to speak so positively on the subject; he has never known the pleasing inconvenience of courtship, nor been the sport of a vain woman's caprice; he has had no opportunity of reading the female heart, or he would have advanced his arguments with more caution.

It is an acknowledged fact, that many of our sex are deceivers; but it is also true, that self defence frequently compels us to the measure. We see and admire a pleasing woman, yet a more intimate knowledge of her character is necessary, before we can venture to make her a wife, and that knowledge is only to be acquired, by the familiarity of courtship; during that period, should any imperfection of temper render us dubious of our future happiness, it is still time to retract, as the laws of this country attach serious importance to the breach of a marriage promise—how then can it be unjust or dishonourable to recede before such an indissoluble engagement is formed? They have the same privilege in their own hands, and how many instances do we daily meet of their inconstancy and levity: how few amongst them scruple to sacrifice every sentiment of generosity and justice, to avarice or ambition! Are we, therefore, to be the only sufferers, and the passive dupes of their vanity? I trust not—but without adverting to those serious attachments, to which, I presume, Mr. Meanwell chiefly directs his censure, I will merely form my argument on such light engagements, as are inconsiderately formed, and which serve to animate life, rendering the intercourse between the sexes mutually advantageous and agreeable. It is generally allowed, that we owe all our polish to female society, and from this desirable benefit we should undoubtedly be excluded, were it not for those talents and *agremens* which

constitute gallantry, and with which we contrive to assail woman's weak side. Most parties of pleasure are arranged in pairs, especially if formed by married people, who are commonly anxious to draw others into the same scrape; consequently a young man, who visits in a regular circle, must frequently be thrown into the company of the same lady. They may chance to feel mutually interested in each others favour, and, if she happens to have wit and beauty, it is ten to one but she contrives to ensnare him into a transient preference in which the heart may have no real concern; the consequence is, that when the views of his friends, or another attachment formed by his own inclination, threaten a breach of this agreeable intimacy, the lady conceives herself ill-treated, and he is loaded on all sides, with ignominious reproaches. I leave it to your determination, gentlemen, to decide whether this is equitable, or whether a man should be responsible for those unmeaning civilities which politeness demands; because a lady may wish to have it understood, that Mr. such a one is her admirer.

MR. PLACID.

I cannot but admit, that there is much justice, as well as pleasantry, in the argument used by the gentleman who favoured us with his opinion last, and it is my hope, that many of the unmarried ladies now present, will be induced to give some of his observations due consideration. The sex was formed by nature to excite admiration, and command respect; and even the most homely have attractions of some sort, which seldom fail to meet with admiration and due regard; but they degrade themselves, when they suffer a weak vanity to counteract their native good sense, and turn the mere effusions of politeness, to a source of vexatious embarrassment. It were far better for them to be more dubious of their own powers, and wait cautiously for that declaration, which should alone justify a woman for the disposal of her affections; it is true there is a certain sentiment of the heart, which it is not always in our power to repress, but a woman of understanding and delicacy, has always a sufficient command of herself to conceal it; and, in general, it would be much more for their advantage, if

they carefully exerted themselves to do so, since there are more duped by their own weak credulity, than by the artifices of our sex. Like the call bird, those who make a show of freedom, are generally the most successful in ensnaring others, and to those whose natural candour revolts against all policy in love, let me add this suggestion, that modesty forbids a female to make a tender of her heart, till her lover has solicited the honour of her hand, which she may feel assured he will do, if his wishes are regulated by honour and affection.

MR. CAVIL.

From the vague arguments which have been advanced on the subject, it must appear difficult to form a decision on the question debated. Advice, however salutary, adds nothing to the majority; permit me, therefore, to give my opinion in a few words. Though it may be proper and adviseable for a female to conceal her sentiments, it is, nevertheless, base in a man to flatter with false hopes, and deceive those whose confidence he has too successfully courted. I trust, that the mere jargon of modern gallantry, can never be mistaken for the language of affection, nor a few common place attentions, for the result of a sincere regard. With this conviction I will conclude, by declaring it my opinion, that he who wilfully ensnares the heart of any female, under a false show of attachment, deserves to be exposed to the same opprobium, as if he had actually been guilty of a breach of a marriage promise.

Mr. Placid, after some hesitation, acknowledging himself of the same opinion, the answer was given in favour of the ladies, who heard the decision with particular satisfaction. The question for the next meeting was then put, viz.:

"Which of the senses is most beneficial to man, and least possible to be dispensed with."

Account of an extraordinary Impostor.

SCHROPFER was for a long time waiter in a coffee-house at Leipzig, and nobody observed any thing extraordinary in him. He disappeared of a sudden, and it was not till several years after that he again made his appearance at Leipzig, in the character of Baron Schröpfer. He took a large house, hired a great number of servants, and puffed himself off as a sage, to whom all nature, and even the world of spirits, were subject.

By pompous promises of splendid discoveries, he allured a multitude of credulous people, and pupils thronged to him from all quarters. Some actually expected to learn things of him, that cannot be acquired at any university; others were delighted with the excellent table he kept. He frequently received by post large parcels, addressed to Baron Schröpfer. Several bankers received orders to pay him large sums. He spoke of his secrets, which he pretended to have learned in Italy, with a seductive eloquence; and he shewed people the spirits and shadows of their deceased acquaintance. When he had heated the imaginations of his hearers, "Come and see!" he cried, to all who were inclined to doubt; they came, and actually saw shadows, and various terrible sights, which made the hair of timorous persons stand on end. It must be observed, that his warmest adherents were not men of learning, or such as were accustomed to logical deductions; for people who placed more reliance on their understanding than on their senses, would not at all suit Schröpfer's purpose. Thus his pupils consisted entirely of noblemen and merchants, who were totally ignorant of the sciences. He exhibited the wonders of his art to others, but he taught them to none, and at last, he only performed his miracles at home, in private apartments prepared for the purpose. A certain M. likewise came in company with his friends to Schröpfer, to see his apparitions. He found a great number of guests there before him, who were incessantly plied with punch. M. refused to drink any thing, but Schröpfer pressed him very much to drink at least a glass, which M. as firmly refused. At length they were all conducted into a large hall, hung with black

cloth, the window-shutters of which were closed. Schröpfer placed the spectators together, and drew a circle around them, beyond which he strictly enjoined them not to stir. At the distance of a few paces a small altar was erected, on which burned spirits; this cast the only light that illumined the room. Schröpfer, uncovering his breast, threw himself on his knees before the altar. He held in his hand a large glistening sword, and prayed with a loud voice, and with such earnestness and warmth, that M. who had come with the intention of unmasking the impostor and the imposture, felt in his heart a pious awe, and sentiments of devotion. Fire flashed from the eyes of the supplicant, and his breast was powerfully agitated. He was to call the shadow of a well-known character lately deceased. After having finished the prayer, he called the ghost with the following words: "Oh! thou departed spirit, who livest in an immaterial world, and invisible to the eyes of mortals, hear the voice of the friends thou hast left behind, and who desire to see thee; leave, for a short time, thy new abode, and present thyself to their eyes!" Hereupon the spectators felt in every nerve a sensation, similar to an electric shock,—heard a noise like the rolling of thunder, and saw above the altar a light vapour, which grew thicker by degrees, till it assumed the figure of a man. However, M. observed, that it was not a striking likeness of the deceased. The figure hovered over the altar, and Schröpfer, pale as death, flourished the sword above his head. M. resolved to step out of the circle and to go to Schröpfer; but the latter perceiving his intention, rushed towards him, holding the sword to his breast, and crying with a terrible voice, "You are a dead man, if you stir another step!" M. was so terrified at the dreadful tone in which Schröpfer uttered these words, and at the glistening sword, that his knees shook under him. The shadow at length disappeared, and Schröpfer was so fatigued that he lay extended on the floor. The spectators were conducted into another room, where they were served with fruits. Many of the more sensible people went to Schröpfer's house as to a theatre; they knew that his boasted art was nothing but imposture, yet they were delighted with the serious comedy which he performed.

THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A STAGE COACH.

(Continued from page 230.)

HARMONY having been restored by my asserting, that Sir Edward appeared to be of too liberal a disposition to report any conversation that might be injurious to the interest of a fellow-creature, nothing particular occurred, until the vehicle stopped at the foot of a high hill, merely to water the horses, and give them a little rest before they encountered additional fatigue.

A young woman, with a neat basket filled with a variety of little nick-nacks, such as housewives, pin-cushions, and pocket-books, instantly approached the carriage, and opening the door, intreated the passengers to purchase some of the articles. Though her countenance was remarkably handsome, yet it wanted those softening touches which render female loveliness irresistable; and whilst recommending the different articles, it struck me, she spoke in a voice that was feigned. Accidently glancing my eye towards Emily, I observed her face overspread with a vermilion hue, and taking a small pocket-book which the pedlar strongly recommended, she drew out her purse.

"What do you want with that trumpery baubles?" enquired her accomplished mother-in-law; "you are never easy but when spending your money, and I am sure your old one will last you many months." "But this is so cheap, Madam," rejoined Emily, "the good woman only asks half-a-crown." "Half-a-crown indeed! yes, I say half-a-crown for such trumpery! I tell ye, mistress, she shan't give no more than a shilling; and so if you don't like to take the money, shut the coach door and budge."

"Well, Madam, as the young lady seems to have set her heart upon it," rejoined the pretended pedlar, "I wish not to disappoint her; though I assure you, upon my honour, it cost me double the sum."

"Oh! a fig for the honour of a young woman who can go tramping about the country as you do!" rejoined Mrs.

Pompous; "but some how or other I think, girl, I've seen you before:" gazing upon her with a look that brought a glow of crimson in her face, whilst Emily was obliged to have recourse to a violent fit of coughing, to conceal an agitation, which, if observed, must have disclosed the stratagem which *Love* had *invented;* for I plainly perceived a letter in the pocket-book, which this pretended female had so strongly recommended.

As the carriage drove off, I could not avoid reflecting upon the folly parents are guilty of, who bring up their children with that degree of severity which gives rise to deceit; and it immediately struck me, that Mrs. Pompous had alluded to this lover, when she observed,* "Oh Miss! you are wonderfully obedient all of a sudden; and I wish I may find you so in things of greater concern." Without appearing to notice the young lady, I carefully observed her actions; and perceiving her endeavouring to take the letter from the pocket-book, I maliciously requested to look at it. The paper was however gone, and concealed under a pocket-handkerchief, which had been placed conveniently in her lap; and upon receiving the book, I exclaimed, "Why, you have stolen its *dearest treasure!* the *casket* is actually robbed of its *gem.*"

An imploring look from the soft eyes of the alarmed Emily, as she hurried the secret transaction into her pocket, was completely understood by me; yet I was resolved to punish her for the plan of deceit. "Why, what has she done, Sir?" enquired her mother. "An act which I fear may be attended with mortification to herself, I assure you, Madam," I replied in a grave tone of voice. My toes suffered severely for this alarming answer; for I kept my eyes intently fixed upon the book; the question was again repeated, and even the reverend gentleman enquired what his daughter had done. "Done! why, a deed that she will have reason to repent of!" I replied in a still graver tone of voice; "she has, Sir, stolen the pencil, and prevented me from writing poetic lines in the title page." The relief which this description gave to Emily's feelings, may be imagined, though it can not be described; and recovering herself, she observed, I must have lost one of my senses,

* See the Museum for Nov. p. 228.

at the same time shewing me the pencil in its proper place.

"Well then, now Sir, write the lines; for I doat upon poetry," said Mrs. Pompous. In obedience to her commands, I took the pencil, and on the leaf of vellum wrote the following lines:

The man that would persuade the Fair
To practise guile or art;
Does it to lay for her a snare,
That will corrode her heart.

which were highly applauded by the old lady, who hoped her daughter would never forget my advice; and I had the satisfaction of thinking Emily felt the motive which gave rise to them, for she appeared remarkably grave during the rest of our ride.

The friend's house with whom I intended passing a few days, was so conveniently situated, that the stage passed the end of the avenue, and having previously given directions to the coachman, I was set down at the Porter's Lodge. This faithful servant, who had lived many years in the family, was accustomed to greet my arrival with a benevolent smile, but upon the driver's ringing at the gate, and desiring him to come and take the gemman's luggage, I was struck by observing his honest countenance overwhelmed with gloom.

"Are you ill, Jeffrey?" I eagerly enquired, as I descended from the vehicle. "No, Sir, thank God;" the reply. "But hav'nt you never heard of the sad, sad accident which, last Tuesday, happened to my dear lady?" Answering in the negative, I eagerly demanded to what accident he alluded, and was informed that the amiable mistress of Beaumont Lodge was past all hope of recovery, in consequence of her clothes having caught fire. My heart actually sickened at this intelligence; and I hesitated for some moments whether I should approach the melancholy dwelling, or again ascend the vehicle: but my resolution was decided by a remark of old Jeffrey, who said, "thank God, Sir, you be come'd to comfort my poor master, who, the servants tell me, is just like one out of his mind." I approached the abode of sadness and suffering, with those

depressed sensations which sympathy naturally inspires; and instead of knocking, gave a quiet ring at the servants' bell. James, another old servant, instantly answered it; a physician and surgeon's carriage were each waiting for their respective masters; I desired to be conducted into the apartment where these gentlemen consulted, and in about five minutes they made their appearance.

I eagerly demanded how they found their patient.—"Thank God, in less agony, for a mortification has taken place," was the reply I received from the surgeon, who addressing himself to the doctor, said, "There is nothing more to be done." A silent shake of the head was the only reply to this observation; at that instant a lovely boy, about three years of age, rushed into the room, and with childish indifference to the situation of his expiring mother, exclaimed, "See, Doctor Pemberton, what a beautiful kite my nurse has made."

"But, Charles, you must not open the doors with such violence," said the doctor. "Your poor dear mama is very, very ill, and the least noise will disturb and make her materially worse." In an instant the little fellow seated himself upon the carpet, and snatched off his shoes; then gazing upon the doctor with an anxious countenance, demanded whether he could not make mama well? I will give you this pretty kite for Richard, if you will but make dear mama well." The artless innocence of the boy drew tears from all present; after a pause of a few moments, Dr. P—— took him in his arms, and after embracing him, said, "God Almighty is going to make your mama an angel; and if you are a good boy, and do as nurse directs you, God will likewise make you one; and then you will go to your truly valued mother, but if you are naughty, you will never see her again."

"Oh I will be good!" exclaimed the dear little fellow; "but why can't mama take me with her? she took me to the fair, and she took me to farmer Johnson's sheep shearing, and why can not she take me with her now, Sir?" At this moment the door slowly opened, and the disconsolate Henry Hartley entered the room. "My friend," exclaimed he, throwing himself upon my bosom, "now indeed do I feel the want of a friend's support!" Big drops of sorrow

rapidly chased each other down his manly cheeks, and so violent were his emotions, that it was with difficulty he breathed. Dr. Pemberton approached him, and with a tenderness that proved the sympathy of his disposition, warmly pressed his hand, saying in a voice stifled by emotion, "Recollect, my dear Sir, you will soon have a double duty to fulfil; that child (pointing to Charles), and the dear innocents in the nursery, have claims upon you, which you must fulfil; but if you yield to this violence of emotion, I cannot be answerable for the consequences."

"I have never deceived—I told you the case was hopeless from the moment I was called in; and you ought to be grateful to providence that Mrs. Hartley's sufferings are abated; rouse yourself then, my dear Sir. You must feel as a husband, but I implore you to act as a man."

A deep groan from the agonized breast of the afflicted Hartley, was the only reply given to this friendly appeal to his fortitude, and, raising himself from my bosom, he caught up his little boy, and without uttering a sentence, rushed out of the library. "Follow your friend, Sir, I conjure you!" said the humane physician, "for his feelings are too exquisite for the trial he is destined to sustain; and, if possible, arm him with resolution; for in cases of this nature the soothing balm of friendship is more efficacious than medicine."

I instantly obeyed Dr. Pemberton's orders, and found poor Hartley in the nursery, weeping over the little innocents; the elder of whom added to his affliction, by enquiring why he cried. I requested the nurse to take poor Charles from the knee of his father, and placing my hand gently under his arm, drew him from the apartment, and led him into the shrubbery, where, finding we were unobserved, I embraced him with tenderness, and besought him to seek consolation from the only source from which it could be derived—"That Being," said I, "my dear Hartley, who has thought proper to afflict you, is alone able to bind up your wounds; or to give you strength to bear the greatest of human calamities, with that fortitude and resignation which becomes a Christian."

"Had I been deprived of my choicest earthly treasure by a dispensation of the Almighty, I should have endea-

voured to support the afflicting stroke as became a man! but when I reflect that I shall lose her through my own want of attention to her wishes, the reproaches of conscience become insupportable! and, was I not restrained by religious sentiments, I would not support the burden of life!"

"How, my dear Hartley, can you condemn yourself for the effect of accident?" I eagerly demanded. "On that fatal night," he replied, "my adored Eliza requested me to take off some large cakes of coal in the drawing-room; observing, the fire was too large, (for we always supped in my study when we were alone). Wretch, that I was—instead of complying with her wishes, I jocosely said the fire would spoil my complexion—yet, in a graver tone, added, but I charge you not to touch it; I will send James to you; and then descended the stairs, for the purpose of seeing whether supper was prepared. I unfortunately met him in the hall, he presented a slip of paper, with an account of a few articles which he had paid for; the drawing-room fire escaped my memory, and some minutes elapsed in settling this fatal account. A shriek, as we closed it, appalled my feelings! it was the voice of my beloved Eliza; and, darting forward with the rapidity of lightning, great God! what a sight presented itself to my view! for, enveloped in a flame of fire, I met the wife of my bosom, standing upon the stairs! Frantic with terror, yet not deprived of reason, I tore off my coat, and threw it over her head; whilst James, who had followed me, rushed into the drawing-room, and returned in an instant with the hearth-rug, and, by our united exertions, the destroying element was stifled."

As poor Hartley gave me this description of the dreadful accident, his voice was interrupted by sighs and sobs; and though I said every thing that reason could suggest, to banish self-condemnation from his bosom, my arguments proved unavailing. After taking a few turns, he drew his watch from his pocket, then gazing upon me with a look of reproach, he said, "I have been absent from my beloved half an hour—Oh God!" continued he, striking his bosom, "What a wretch must I be, to quit her for one moment!" Then darting into a path which conducted him to the back door, he was out of sight in a few seconds.

I will not attempt to describe the scenes which followed,

for the very recollection of them agitates my feelings; but I will relate the fatal cause of the amiable Eliza's dissolution, as a caution to my female readers. Eliza, it seems, had waited some few minutes, in expectation of her husband's sending the servant to take off the fire, and not finding him come, had undertaken the office, without observing the heat of a poker, which she had just erected. The thin muslin drapery was wafted towards it by the air, which rushed in from the door Hartley had left open; the terrified Eliza perceived the flame, and vainly imagined she could extinguish it without alarming her husband; and, from this delicacy to his feelings, she evidently lost her life.

I remained with the disconsolate widower upwards of three weeks, and, during that period, the idea struck me that to superintend the education of his children, would be a desirable situation for the unfortunate Eliza; with whose history I made my readers acquainted at the commencement of my tour; for though the nurse was a good kind of woman, there was a coarseness in her manners, which Hartley was fearful his little girl would acquire; who, during the life of her amiable mother, spent a very short portion of her time in the nursery. In compliance with my request, my aunt had received this ill-fated female under her protection; although a few days before I made it, I had engaged the daughter of a deceased clergyman to be her companion; and in consequence of this arrangement, Eliza could not help feeling she was a tax upon the benevolence of my worthy aunt. I did not attempt to conceal any part of her history from Hartley, who execrated the conduct of her vile seducer; and intreated me to offer her an asylum under his hospitable roof. "As the world," said he, "my friend, are apt to be censorious, I cannot help wishing this unfortunate young woman had been a few years older; but I shall conduct myself with that circumspection which must prevent the tongue of malice from making injurious remarks; yet as her (in my opinion) untarnished fame, has been sullied, I think it would be better she should change her name."

I informed my friend that she had already done so; as my aunt introduced her into her own family by that of

Egerton, which, by a transposition of letters, was in fact her own. Miss Egerton then, as I shall in future call her, received my friend's proposition with gratitude and delight; and I had the pleasure of seeing her established in her new situation, ten days before I took my leave of Hartley.—Though the conversation of a well-informed female would have been a solace to him, yet, from delicacy to the opinion of the world, Miss Egerton and her three little pupils always dined at an early hour, and my friend never saw her but in the presence of his children. Had it not been for the engagement I had formed with Mr. Middleton, I should have remained a longer time at the lodge; but the magnet which attracted me, acted too powerfully for to be withstood.

(To be continued.)

Cabinet of Fashion.

WALKING DRESS.

Fig. 1. A crimson velvet Spanish hat, ornamented with white ostrich feathers. Pelisse of the same colour as the hat; swansdown tippet.

FULL DRESS.

Fig. 2. A fancy turban of white satin, trimmed with crape, and ornamented with beads. Dress of plain leno, richly embroidered round the bottom, short full sleeves; green silk shawl, buff gloves, and white kid shoes.

WALKING DRESS.

FULL DRESS.

Published by Verner Hood & Sharpe, Poultry, Dec.r 1.18 07.

BRITISH MUSEUM
1914
14
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48

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

EDWARD AND ROSABEL.

I.

BY Severn's bold romantic flood
The lone dejected Edward stood,
And mourn'd his Rosabel;
Unmatch'd, with her no damsel vied,
'Mid Cambria's heights, the blooming pride
And lily of the vale.

II.

Alas! alas! ill-fated Maid!
Nor Cambria's heights, nor Cambria's shade,
For thee shall smile again;
Untrue to love, to reason blind,
Thou'st left thine Edward ever kind,
Thine ever constant swain.

III.

Unhappy youth! with wild remorse,
And rash intent, his hasty course
To Severn's stream he turn'd:
He view'd the loud resounding tide,
While echo to his griefs reply'd,
And plaint with plaint return'd.

IV.

"Hence from this breast," he cried, "Despair!
No more shall life-consuming care,
Nor grief disturb my mind;
Had Rosabel ne'er faithless prov'd,
We had been happy—ever lov'd—
Nor known a thought unkind:

V.

" But ah! as clouds that shut the day,
As breezes light that softly play,
And murmur thro' the grove;
As storms that agitate the floods,
As rains that gently lave the woods,
Uncertain so—is love.

VI.

" E'en now, could to my longing arms,
Though fled her beauty, lost her charms,
Return my Rosabel;
I'd press her to my throbbing breast,
In strict embrace forget the past,
Nor think on future ill.

VII.

" But Fate denies—this, this relief
Alone she grants, to aid my grief,
And bury all my woes."
He said; and sought the wat'ry grave;
But lo! from Severn's troubl'd wave
A female figure rose.

VIII.

T'was she—t'was Rosabel—but ah!
How alter'd, now no longer fair,
But deeply clad in gloom:
For grimly death, with eager haste,
Had from her eye the lustre cast,
And robb'd her of her bloom.

IX.

Unhappy shade!—" I'm come," she cried,
" To soothe thy woes, thy griefs to chide,
And anxious thoughts to quell;
Why lives within thy breast a care,
Why heaves the sigh, Why rolls the tear,
For faithless Rosabel?

X.

" By pageantry and gold decoy'd,
I left thine ever constant side,
Unmindful of my fate:
Another soon my hand possess'd,
Yet warm from thine, and own'd the breast
That beat for thee so late.

XI.

" To Cambria scarce I bade adieu,
The ready vessel stood in view,
To bear me from the shore;
High on the deck, elate I view'd
The less'ning coast, the rolling flood,
To virtue friend no more;

XII.

" But soon the transient dream was past,
My brilliant hopes with clouds o'ercast,
And all the vision gone;
For as I gaz'd around, I spied
A glittering jewel by my side,
That sparkl'd to the sun:

XIII.

" It was the bracelet you had bound,
Beneath the beechen shade, around
My then unsullied arm.
You said, when first you bade me wear
The radiant pledge, and fix'd it there,
It had a secret charm;

XIV.

" That it wou'd quick rekindle love,
Each dubious fear it would remove,
And mend each erring thought:
And I (for I remember well)
Implored from Heav'n every ill,
If thee I e'er forgot.

XV.

" A sudden chillness seiz'd my frame,
As I survey'd th' accusing gem,
So oft' alas forsworn!
I curs'd the hour I prov'd untrue,
And vow'd (thy pardon sought) from you
I ne'er again would turn:

XVI.

" Too late it was remorse to shew,
For as I wept my broken vow
In wild dejected mood,
Through ev'ry nerve a tremor ran,
Distraction seiz'd my wildered brain;
I dash'd into the flood.

XVII.

" Expos'd to winds and pelting rains,
Upon the sands my corse remains
Unbury'd, cold, and bare;
The ravenous hawk and hungry kite
Will peck th' uncover'd orbs of sight,
And perjur'd bosom tear:

XVIII.

" But hence—I'm call'd—a long adieu—"
She said; and instant fled from view,
Into the circling wave.
" Oh! stay"—th' astonish'd Edward cried;
Then plung'd to clasp her, 'mid the tide,
And sought her in the grave.

R. W.

Fleet-Street.

WINTER.

I.

FROM Nova Zembla's snow-wrapt fields,
Where blooming spring reluctant yields,
A faint, yet cheering smile;
Lo! Winter comes, with frigid train,
To spread his darksome cold domain
On Britain's happy isle.

II.

Meantime, the tenants of the air
To more auspicious climes repair,
Across the raging seas;
Where Sol triumphant darts his rays,
And thro' brown woods mild Zephy'rus plays,
Waving the lofty trees.

III.

Here the rude blast with fury sweeps
Thro' trackless wilds, down rocky steeps,
And barren hills along;
No more the deep'ning vales are seen,
Clad in their wonted liv'ry green,
With bubbling streams among.

IV.

For chain'd in ice are crystal floods,
And bare their heads display the woods,
  Once with green honors crown'd;
The sportsman now, at break of day,
Thro' hoary fields pursues his way,
  Where feather'd game abound.

V.

His dog attendant by his side,
And gun with mimic thunder wide,
  Resounds o'er distant meads;
While the sharp spaniel scents the grass,
Prying in ev'ry shrub they pass,
  Or rustling thro' the reeds.

VI.

When, lo! quick-starting from a brake
That's near the margin of a lake,
  The wild duck upward flies;
Then strait is rear'd the fatal piece,
To give its soul a long release,
  And the fledg'd victim dies.

VII.

And now's renew'd the active sport,
On glassy plains where men resort
  To skait o'er solid streams;
Where, ah! some hapless youth betray'd,
On crackling ice loud shrieks for aid,
  In sad and plaintive screams.

VIII.

But may such sport, oh! never charm
The British fair their breasts to warm
  With unbecoming skill;
Like those in rough Batavia's sphere,
Whose daughters pass the wint'ry year
  On gelid waters still.

IX.

"Now, soon as ev'ning shades prevail,"
Slow circulates the tragic tale
  Of some night wand'ring swain;
Who, guided by a treach'rous light,
Fell headlong down a giddy height,
  And never rose again.

X.

Or else is told in solemn strains,
That in some abbey's old remains,
What dreadful sounds were heard;
Or palid spectres, drest in white,
Seen at the silent hour of night,
Stalk thro' a lone church-yard.

XI.

While Superstition fills each mind
With frightful forms, and ev'ry wind
Augmenting more their fears;
Till the shrill cock proclaims the day,
Then cheerful sylvans haste away
To their diurnal cares.

XII.

Thus, while progressive seasons roll,
Let me my Maker's pow'r extol,
And praise his wond'rous name;
E'er the fell shafts of grimly death
Too sudden stop my vital breath,
And chill my mortal frame.

Pinsbury. J. HAWKINS.

THE MILLER'S MAID.

THE Miller's Maid was young and fair,
Her breast was not the seat of care,
But of mild joy the dwelling;
She lightly tripp'd along the green,
Her lovely looks and modest mien,
My heart to love were swelling.

I whisper'd love in accents low;
She answer'd, blushing, soft, and slow,
"Pray cease your bold intruding;"
Again my rustic tale I told,
Again she answer'd, coy and cold,
"Desist from thus deluding."

"I love thee, Jane, indeed I do;"
"But, John, suppose I don't love you;"
"Why then I'll welcome sorrow;"
"Indeed you shall not," Jenny cried,
"The Miller's Maid will be thy bride,
In blissful joy to morrow."

J. M. L.

Translations of the French Sonnet in the Museum for October.

THOU darling image of thy much lov'd sire,
Safe on the breast that nurtures thee repose!
Sleep on thy mother's bosom without fear,
Thy weary eyes in gentle slumbers close.

Sweet infant, let thy tender frame partake
Of that repose which is no more for me;
To see, protect, and nourish thee, I wake,
So sweet it seems to watch, my child! for thee.

Sleep, lovely babe! my joy!—than life more dear,
Upon thy mother's bosom sink to rest;
No lisping accents charm my longing ear,
Though oft thy smile has cheer'd my anxious breast.

Thou living image of a much lov'd sire!
Safe on the breast that nurtures thee repose;
Sleep on thy mother's bosom, little dear!
Thy weary eyes in gentle slumbers close.

DUNELMENSIS.

O THOU sweet infant, semblance of thy sire,
Sleep on the bosom which thy lips have press'd;
Rest, my sweet babe, thy mother's tender care,
Close thy dear eyes, by gentle sleep oppress'd.

Blest soul, dear innocence, thy tender form
Tastes a sweet sleep which is no more for me;
I wake to nourish, and defend from harm,
How sweet to watch, to guard, to gaze on thee!

Peace, my sweet babe, my idol and my care,
Sleep on this bosom thou so oft hast press'd!
That soon again thy lisping tongue may cheer,
Thy little gambols make me still more blest.

O thou sweet infant, semblance of thy sire,
Sleep on this bosom which thy lips have press'd;
Rest, my sweet babe, thy mother's tender care,
Close thy dear eyes, by gentle sleep oppress'd.

October 5th, 1807. A. S.

CHARADES.

I.

MY first adorns the wintry dress,
By females worn in frosty weather;
My second oft serves to express
A racket, when we meet together.
My whole is seen on Age's brow,
When Time has shed his silv'ry snow.

II.

My first is oft by soldiers made,
And sometimes is their last resource;
On foot it frequently is made,
But may be made on foot or horse.
My second is a liquor fam'd,
And drank by many city beaux;
A word in navigation nam'd,
A thing that purples many a nose.
My whole's a friend to the defeated,
Through which our foes have oft retreated.

Kingsland. JAMES.

SOLUTION

OF ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.

VICTORY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We recommend to our angry censor, W. in whom we recognise a frequent poetical Correspondent, the old proverb, *He should not throw stones, whose house is made of glass.* The prose which he so much reprobates is at least fully equal to his *poetry.*

We thank Dunelmensis for his communications. We once adopted, in our earlier volumes, the plan which he suggests, but have long since discontinued it.

We are much disgusted with the disingenuousness of W. S. in sending us, *as original*, a tale copied with very little variation from "The Lay Monastery." Perhaps she thought she might poach safely from so obscure a book.

The lines on the *Comet* possess no *brilliancy*, though to our great satisfaction we at length found they had a *tail.*

We shall pay due attention to the claims of our numerous Correspondents in the ensuing volume.

BRITISH MUSEUM 14 SEP 48

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